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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MR. PENFEATHER'S GHOST.

"THERE'S the telegram office boy. What can he want?" said Mrs. Dusenbury, going to the door as she spoke. "I'm sure I don't know who'd telegraph to us. It must be some mistake."

"Mrs. Margaret Dusenbury," said the boy, as though in contradiction of the assertion. "One shilling, if you please."

Mrs. Dusenbury signed the receipt and paid the money, and the boy departed in the peculiarly slow and unconcerned manner of all messengers attached to telegraph offices, who, instead of being possessed with a sense of emergency, and a life and death responsibility, as one might suppose they would be, are always the slowest and most dilatory of beings, and may be known as far as one can see them by their snail-like gait, and a habit of stopping altogether at short intervals to stare at vacancy.

"It's your Uncle Penfeather, Silas," said Mrs. Dusenbury, after a perusal of the short dispatch. "He wants me to come at once, and promises to pay expenses. What can it mean?"

"I don't know," said Silas. "Perhaps he's sick."

"I suppose I must go," said Mrs. Dusenbury; "but there's Mrs. Finnegan's silk dress; and there's Miss Robert's polonaise. It will ruin my business."

And Mrs. Dusenbury, who had taken to dress-making after her husband's death, shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"Have Hannah Petrel in to finish 'em up," said Silas. "Uncle Penfeather is rich, and who knows what may come of it?"

Mrs. Dusenbury shook her head again, but she sent for Hannah Petrel, and packed her little trunk that very night. She had had large trunks full of clothes once in her life, before she married Peter Dusenbury, who was only a clerk in a bank, and so offended her Uncle Penfeather, the rich attorney, who did a little money-lending on good security in a very quiet way, and was of the opinion that poverty was a crime.

A little faded woman of forty she was now, and it had taken all that she could earn to live, thus far; and Silas, who was just sixteen, had been esteemed fortunate in procuring one of those lucrative situations which are open to youths of his age, who are offered ten shillings a week for the services of a good accountant, combined with that of errand boy and odd man, with a future prospect of prompt dismissal as soon as they request higher wages.

"How angry Uncle Penfeather was when I saw him last," she said to herself. "Dear, dear! and how pink my cheeks were, and how plump I was. I'm sure he won't know me."

And with these thoughts she found herself at the depot of the city in which her uncle still

made his residence, and was soon after set down in a cab at the well-known door, which she had left in tears, and followed by bitter reproaches, some twenty years before.

An old woman opened the door.

Mrs. Dusenbury, I suppose?" she said. "I'm the housekeeper, Mrs. Crash. I don't know as you know how bad poor Mr. Penfeather is. Quite sinking, as one may say. He had a bad accident; fell down stairs and injured his spine, and he'll never be about again, I fancy."

"Poor uncle," said Mrs. Dusenbury, bursting into tears. "I'll go up at once."



FIG. 1.—(See page 327.)

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Crash. "He expects you. First floor, front. I'll see to your trunk."

And Mrs. Dusenbury ran upstairs. Mr. Penfeather was in bed, and he checked Mrs. Dusenbury's affectionate greeting with a cold "How do you do?"

"I suppose you find me greatly altered, Uncle Pen?" said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Expected to," said Uncle Penfeather.

"Wine improves with age. Women don't."

"Ah, no," said Mrs. Dusenbury. "And you're very ill, they tell me."

"Who tells you?" asked Uncle Penfeather.

"The lady that opened the door," said his niece, meekly.

"My abominable old housekeeper, eh?" asked the sick man.

"Well, she said she was housekeeper," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Shut the door," said Mr. Penfeather.

Mrs. Dusenbury did so.

"Lived with me fifteen years, that old woman has," said the uncle; "paid her five pounds a month; parlor to herself; young woman to help with the work; recommended by the Widows' Benevolent Association; certificates from clergyman; husband killed rings ing a big church bell for morning service; tumbled down the bell tower; son janitor of a church; pious connection all round; carried a book of poetry you left behind out of doors with the tongs; dismissed the milkman because his brother was a stage carpenter, connected with the theatre, you know; said she thought as much of me as if I was her son. What do you suppose that woman has been doing for these fifteen years?"

"I can't think," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"Well, nobody could," said Uncle Penfeather. "She's been robbing me, Margaret. Butcher bill ten shillings—she calls it fifteen, and pockets five; ton of coal charged at half as much again; barrel of sugar sent to her daughter-in-law; piece of linen made up—half the sheets for me, half for her son. How was I to know? Household arrangements, and all that sort of thing. I've been regularly plundered, and I've got proof of everything."

"Scandalous!" said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"I should think so," said Mr. Penfeather, "and I thought I'd bound her to me. I made my will ten years ago, Margaret, and I left her this house and a thousand pounds, the rest to go to the Widows. She saw it, and she promised to keep house for me as long as I lived. Splendid housekeeper she is, too. And after that she began to rob me."

"O dear," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"But I've come up with her," said Mr. Penfeather. "That will be at Lawyer Barclay's. She knows it, and thinks she's safe; but I've made another. I'm able to do it myself, you know; and I had a couple of men in for witnesses, and she knows nothing about it. I've got it in bed with me, and what I want you to do is to hide it for me. The thousand pounds is for you; the rest for the Bachelor's Aid Society. They hate the Widows."

"Oh, uncle," said Mrs. Dusenbury, "you're very kind; but I hope you'll get well."

"I'm not kind," said Uncle Penfeather, "and I can't get well, though I may live a year or two. You know the secret drawer in the book-case yonder. Nobody else does. She don't. Put it in there. See that the spring is firm. And when I'm dead, after she's begun to hold out her claw for the money, produce that. I sha'n't say a word. Make her work like a Tro-

jan. Threaten to alter my will if she don't do anything I ask. And I'll enjoy the joke, I can tell you. Hope I shall live three or four years—he, he!"

"Uncle, I should be glad to nurse you," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"That would spoil my plan," said Uncle Penfeather. "You may go home to-morrow. You ought not to have accepted Peter; never could make his living; wasteful, idle—never would put by money. No matter. Stay all night. Make her feed you up well. Put her to trouble. And don't forget the secret drawer. Tell your son, in case you should die first. There—I've talked enough. Go and get your tea!"

And Mrs. Dusenbury had her tea, and departed from her uncle's house next morning. She never saw him again. However, he did not die at once. He lived two years, and during all that time he never left his bed, and Mrs. Crash was his sole nurse and housekeeper.

When the news of his death came, Mrs. Dusenbury sat down and had "a good cry," as in duty bound. But by-and-bye a remembrance of the will began to cheer her. A thousand pounds was a large sum; it would make them very comfortable; and the best thing that they could do was to go at once to the late residence of Mr. Penfeather and produce the will, as he had directed.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Dusenbury, as she pinned a piece of crape about Silas' new hat; "what a world this is, to be sure! And what a man you are growing! and so like your poor Uncle Penfeather; just his build, exactly his eyes. When your hair grows white you'll be his image."

So mother and son, in their simple mourning, attended the funeral, and afterward held a consultation with Lawyer Barclay, who had come in to read the will.

"Another will, is there?" said Mr. Barclay. "Well, that's just like the old gentleman. Secret drawer—ah, ah! Very well, open it, ma'am."

And Mrs. Dusenbury, followed by her son and the lawyer, proceeded to the bookcase. There she stopped, horror-stricken. The secret drawer was open. It stood well out from the groove in which it fitted when closed, and there was a great crack in the wood beneath, as though it had been opened by force.

Mrs. Crash was called. She said, "Indeed!" when the crack was pointed out to her. "She knew nothing about her poor master's intentions. The bookcase was old. She thought it must have warped. It was not her affair."

And in fact no will was found other than the one in Mr. Barclay's possession. This eventually being read, the "Widows" and Mrs. Crash were the fortunate dividers of old Mr. Penfeather's property.

"I know that woman has stolen the will," said Mrs. Dusenbury; "but we can't prove it; and after all we must go home as poor as we came."

"I suppose so," said Silas. "Ma, didn't you say I looked like your Uncle Penfeather?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dusenbury.

"And his hair was white?" asked Silas.

"As white as snow," said Mrs. Dusenbury. "O dear! I should think he couldn't rest easy if he knew all this. She's stolen the will for certain."

"Yes," said Silas, "I think she has."

It was night. Mrs. Crash sat in her old room. The house now belonged to her, and she was mistress there, but she sat in the housekeeper's room from habit. She had just made herself some tea, and was putting the pot on the table, when a sudden jingle of the bell over her head startled her. It was the bell that Mr. Penfeather used to ring when he wanted her in his room.

"Dead and gone so long," said Mrs. Crash, "and the last pull he gave that bell has just jerked itself back again, I suppose. Ah! poor old gentleman."

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the bell.

"Lord, save us," said Mrs. Crash.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle."

The bell again. Mrs. Crash was all alone in the house, and she was growing nervous.

"I'll just look in and see what does make that bell go so," she said; and with a candle in her hand, took her way upstairs. Outside of her master's old room she paused. The bell was ringing again, and the room, which should have been dark, was light.

"Drat it! what does it mean?" cried Mrs. Crash, and threw the door wide open.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Crash," cried a voice from the bed. "I've been waiting for my tea and my medicine for two good hours."

There in bed lay Mr. Penfeather. The same white night-cap on his head, the same checked kerchief about his throat.

Mrs. Crash felt her knees trembling under her. She could no run away; she could scarcely stand.

She supported herself by the lock of the door, and gasped, and stared at the bed.

"What's the matter?" asked the voice from the bed. "I suppose you thought you'd got rid of me?"

It was so like the living Mr. Penfeather's tone, that Mrs. Crash felt it necessary to reply.

"Well, we did think as you was dead, sir," she gasped. "We took—the—liberty of imagining as how you was buried, sir."

"So I am," said that which looked like Mr. Penfeather.

Mrs. Crash gave a little scream.

"Yes, I'm dead," said the being in the bed; "but I can't rest until matters are all settled. My niece could not find the will in the bookcase. What did you do with it?"

"La, sir," faltered Mrs. Crash. "O dear! oh!"

"You took it," said Mr. Penfeather. "Spirits know everything. You stole it, as you did the sugar."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Crash.

"If you have destroyed it," said Mr. Penfeather, "woe betide you. I'll haunt you every day of your life."

"I—hav'nt—" gasped Mrs. Crash. "I—was afeared. I buried it in the back garden, under the grape-vine."

"Dig it up, then," said Mr. Penfeather. "Dig it up, Rebecca Crash, and bring it to me—or I'll haunt you for ever."

"Oh, please, sir," said Mrs. Crash.

"Go, then," said the spirit.

Mrs. Crash went. She tottered down stairs, and went out into the garden. She took a shovel, and pried it at the foot of the grape-vine, and unearthed a grimy piece of parchment, spurred on by the ringing of that ghostly bell the while; and at last she climbed the stairs again, and stood trembling at the door of the haunted chamber.

"You have the will, Rebecca Crash?" asked the ghost of Mr. Penfeather.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Crash, faintly.

"Give it to me. Put out the light, and go. I can now rest in peace," said Mr. Penfeather.

And Mrs. Crash, depositing the parchment on the foot of the bed, tumbled out of the room and down the stairs, at the foot of which she fell fainting.

About an hour after this, Mrs. Dusenbury heard a knock at the door of the room she still occupied, at a small hotel in the place.

"Who is that?" she cried, in a little alarm.

"It's I, mother," said the voice of Silas. Hurrah!"

"What about?" asked Mrs. Dusenbury.

"I've been playing ghost at Uncle Penfeather's," said Silas, as he shut the door behind him.

"I got in by the pantry window, and got into bed in a nightcap and shawl. I've frightened her into giving up the will. I've got it. Hurrah."

And so it proved, in truth. It was the lost will which Mrs. Crash had delivered to the ghost, and the Dusenburys came into their property.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

ABOVE most other things, a wife craves from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother's," says Fanny Fern in that chapter of "Ruth Hall," which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonising anxieties. And besides her maternal cares a wife is the queen-regent of a household kingdom. She has to think, and plan, and work for everybody. If, in all her labours and cares, she feels that she has her husband's sympathy and gratitude, if he helps her where a man can help a woman, if he notices her efforts, applauds her skill, and allows her deficiencies, all is well. But to endure all this, and yet meet with no appreciating word, or glance, or act from him for whom and for whose she toils and bears, is very bitter.

A wife likes her husband to show her all due respect in the presence of others; she cannot bear to be reproved or criticised by him when others can hear it. Indeed, it is most wrong in a husband thus to put his wife to shame. No man has the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman who is not more scrupulously polite to his wife than to any other woman. We refer here to the essential of politeness, not its forms; we mean kindness and justice in little things.

A wife likes her husband to be considerate.

Unexpected kindness and unsolicited favours touch the heart.

The first place in her husband's affection no true wife can learn to do without.

Let the contest between husband and wife be this—which shall do most for the happiness of the other.

THE first qualities wanted in persons who deal with children: patience, self-control, and a youthful heart that remembers its own early days.

THE SICK CHILD'S DREAM.

BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

I could not sleep last night, mother,
I could not sleep for pain,
And I rose up with the light, mother,
To look at the sun again.

The pale-edged clouds were dark, mother,
Dark, like a little child's pall,
And the sun seemed like a spark, mother,
At first, it was so small.

But the dark clouds rolled away, mother,
The morning put them by,
Like things grown useless; say, mother,
Is it so with us, when we die?

The dawn was very red, mother,
And I thought the sun must be
Like the spirit of God when he sped, mother,
O'er the first gigantic sea.

But a weariness quenched my sight, mother,
And I laid me back in bed;
And I fell asleep with the light, mother,
Full on my face and head.

I slept. Yet I saw that cloud, mother,
Roll up like the wings of a dove,
And the light burst out aloud, mother;
But it broke from up above.

And in the flood of gold, mother,
There floated shapes of mist,
That at first I could not have told, mother,
From clouds by the sunbeams kiss'd.

For something about them shone, mother,
And something was amber pale,
And the rest to fancy I'm prone, mother,
Like sister's long wedding veil.

At last I saw sweet faces, mother,
Grouped in the flood of light,
And they looked at me with traces, mother,
Of such intense delight!

And the glimmer of amber pale, mother,
What think you it might be?
Their long hair on the gale, mother,
Curling about them free.

And what was it sparkling shone, mother?
You hardly could guess to-day!
Crowns in the air, alone, mother,
Over their heads at play!

And hands as white as milk, mother,
A number of beckoning hands
And palm leaves as soft as silk, mother,
Waved like so many wands.

And the veils, as I called the rest, mother—
Can you follow my fanciful tale?
Every angel form was dressed, mother,
For a robe, in a wedding veil.

They came to a little child, mother,
To sing him a lullaby;
And I held out my hands and smiled, mother,
To the angels in the sky.

I'm sorry to see your tears, mother—
Shall I wipe them with a kiss?—
For dying to me appears, mother,
Going away to bliss.

Sorrow and pain no more, mother,
For you and your crippled boy!
Won't you send him on before, mother,
To beckon you into joy,

Just like the shining band, mother,
In my happy dream at morn?
For we're in a yet dark land, mother,
Waiting the blessed dawn.

When the twilight fell that eve, mother,
Nursed on her breast his head.
Ah! do not too bitterly grieve, mother,
To find the boy's soul has fled.

DOUBLY FALSE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FISHING PARTY.

CORA's motive for trying that black pony on the lawn was explained the next morning, when Clarence Brooks came riding up the carriage road on a horse that might have matched that spirited animal in everything but size. Before he reached the house, Cora came forth, equipped for the road and looking bright as the morning. She stood leaning against one of the marble pillars when Brooks came up,—the long skirt sweeping far back on the white pavement and her lithe figure defined by a closely-fitting habit, to which a profusion of gold buttons gave dash and character. The tiny cravat about her throat, and piquant hat curled up at the sides, gave graceful dignity to what might otherwise have been masculine in this costume. But now, from the gauntlet gloves on her hands to the riding-whip, mounted with a thick branch of blood-red coral, her appearance was exquisitely complete.

Brooks must have been less than a man—or more—had he not checked his horse a little, that he might leisurely admire that beautiful woman, posed so gracefully against the marble column. It was a sight which brought the breath quickly to his lips. She saw it all,—the sudden check, the look of intense admiration, that touch of the spur which brought the horse so near that she could almost lay her hand on his neck.

"So I find you ready and waiting, five minutes before the time," said Brooks, dismounting and looking at his watch. "What a glorious morning!"

"Too bright for me to remain in-doors one moment after my habit was on," she answered. "Oh, here comes my demon of the stables with Blackbird I gave him—the horse, I mean—a trial yesterday on the lawn, and he nearly mastered me."

"I hope he is not vicious," said Brooks, casting a sharp look at the horse.

"No, I think not. After our little encounter, I fancy he will be gentle enough. Hold him firmly, Mr. Hurd. He seems in capital condition this morning—does you credit?"

She came down to the side of her horse, and lifting one hand to the saddle, placed her foot in the hand which Brooks presented to her. In one instant she was seated and arranging the folds of her skirt.

"Now," she said, drawing the curb, for she had no objection to a second exhibition of the animal's spirit, so that it was not too violent. "Now."

The horse shook his head, gave a leap, and came into subjection gracefully after the first minute.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she cried. "But I need not ask; I see by your eyes how much you admire him."

"If my eyes express so much, I must be careful in your presence, Miss Lander, or they will tell secrets I would rather keep to myself."

She laughed, blushed a little, and busied herself with the button of her gauntlet, while her horse struck into an easy canter.

It was, indeed, a glorious day, the softest and brightest of a long Indian summer; the scent of ripe leaves and such flowers as give their best perfume to the frost floated on the air; great forest trees, blazoned like war banners, waved above them, and their horses sometimes waded fetlock deep in the floating leaves, dyed richly as the garments of an Eastern satrap. Through these gorgeous woods, up the sloping hills and along the river, they rode at random. Wherever a picturesque curve or tempting by-path presented itself, they explored it, conversing seriously or laughing off the rare exuberance of spirits that a ride so pleasant and a morning so lovely were sure to produce in two healthy young people disposed to be pleased with each other. Still any one who had observed Brooks closely under the chestnut tree and on horseback would have seen a difference, too subtle perhaps for words, but marked and easy of detection for all that. With the girl riding so masterly on her black horse, this man of the world exerted all that was brilliant and superficial in his character; compliments such as only very clever men can utter fell easily from his lips. With Cora he was gay, careless, full of graceful badinage. He saw that she wished to be admired, and fulfilled all her desires in that respect to the utmost, no difficult matter where the woman was so handsome and matched him so nearly in the character of her wit. With Virginia he had been no less cheerful, no less gallant—but underlying all was that impulsive respect and tender sympathy which draw noble hearts close together. He was playful with her, but never extravagant; if he felt the general effect of her great beauty, the feeling was not once expressed in words. In fact, it would have been difficult to define what it was that distinguished the

loveliness of these two girls. Certainly form or colour had but little share in the difference.

Well, that ride through the autumnal beauty of the woods was a success to be remembered for many a day after. But Cora was dissatisfied when she laid her hand on Clarence Brooks' shoulder, and leaped from her horse on to the marble pavement where she had waited for him that morning. Again she posed herself against the pillar and watched that noble figure as horse and man swept out of sight.

"Will the man never act earnestly? Does he think I am worth nothing better than the froth and foam of his mind? Who is he saving the wine for, I wonder? He trifles with me. Does he think I have no ideas, no feeling? Seymour at least let me look into his soul. But this man—why his very carelessness defies me. Such a morning—such opportunities, and not a word spoken beneath the breath or with real seriousness. Yet these careless out-flashes of a superior intellect sicken me with all other homage. The man shall love me, though it breaks his heart. He shall love me!" The woman checked herself an instant and sneered inly at her own wickedness. "Me, another man's wife!"

She went in then, and, as a panacea for such thoughts, read over her husband's letter with the image of a tall, grey-eyed man on horseback between her and the writer, shutting out all that wonderful beauty of person which had enthralled her so only a few months before.

Why did Brooks keep his interview with Virginia a secret? He told himself that she had requested it, but it is very doubtful if he would have said a word about it even if no hint had been given him on the subject. This encounter in the woods was to him a bit of romance which would lose its charm if talked over in commonplace words with any one. He had found the cabin by accident, having discovered the footpath which Seymour had trodden along the brook while smoking a cigar on the back porch, to which his room opened by the door, half sash, half panelling, which had proved so convenient in another romance that we know of, but which was so carefully kept out of sight at this period. Springing over the low railing of the porch, Brooks had sauntered up the path, smoking as he went; now and then he stopped to watch the eddies of the brook and wondered if any of its sparkling pools covered trout worth the trouble of catching; then he looked upward into the gorgeous roofing of the trees which let glimpses of the blue sky here and there, with stray gleams of sunshine searching for the rainbows that seemed to have got entangled in the leaves.

Of course, all this threw the man into a certain train of thought which had both sadness and poetry in it. He muttered to himself: "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." Then walked on again, thinking of his friend, whose terrible fate haunted him at such times, and wondering if he ever should love the young woman he had seen well enough to make her his wife, for this had been the romantic wish of the man whom he had regarded almost as a father. A heavy sigh answered this question, or rather left it unanswered for the heart that sent it forth was disturbed by many doubts in which the lady was concerned.

For a long time the young man sat down on a curve of the bank, opposite an elm tree, over which a frost grape-vine had wound and crept, and thrown itself in such leafiness that it flung a broken arch across the ravine; along the drooping boughs long slender clusters hung profusely, with the frost, that alone ripens them, covering their purple with its own shimmering bloom.

Brooks flung away his cigar and began to sketch this pretty object on the back of an envelope.

"Now, if I were an artist, like that young Howe, whose sketches of bits like this have made the English fellows look about them in astonishment, this tree, with its trailing fruit and leaves, would make my reputation. It really is exquisite!"

After working away with his pencil awhile, he became dissatisfied with his effort, flung the envelope into the brook, and sauntered up the path till the cabin and bridge came in full view, with the huge old chestnut tree spreading its boughs over one, and that group of hemlocks embowering the other.

"Upon my word, here is something like rustic taste!" he exclaimed with a burst of surprise. Why the bridge is a gem; as for the cabin I must explore that; what a fanciful mockery it is!"

The bank was steep and the path rough, but Brooks was no holiday man to dread a little exertion. So he caught hold of a branch, lifted himself upward, and reached the cabin with his breath coming a little quicker from the exertion. Not

three minutes after, Virginia Lander and Ellen came down the bank and showed themselves under the chestnut tree.

This was the morning that Brooks was contrasting with his ride that day, as he walked his horse toward the little hotel.

"I wonder if they will really care enough about the chestnuts to think of gathering them," he thought, when an early dinner had been disposed of. "At any rate, I may as well take a walk up the ravine. It is a shame to waste one moment of all this delicious weather indoors."

There was no loitering along the path that afternoon. Even the frost grape-vine, bending the stout tree under its tendrils, as love bows a strong man, failed to win more than a passing glance from him. The most beautiful thing, to him, in the woods was a huge old chestnut tree, bristling all over with open burs, its enormous limbs stretching far and wide, and the ground under it thick with long yellow leaves.

He came in sight of this tree, uttered a quick exclamation, and hurried on. A basket stood on the stonework of the bridge, and two girls were busy among the leaves picking up chestnuts.

I cannot permit any one to say or think one word against Virginia or Ellen for thus deliberately meeting this gentleman that afternoon. It was not the careless act of two thoughtless girls, ready to amuse themselves at any cost, but a thing they had both considered over and resolved on. To Virginia, her father's letter was almost a command. He expected her to see and like this man, who was his bosom friend, and this out-door acquaintance was all she could offer him without openly accepting the false position given her in that house. That she could not and would not do. But chance had thrown this man, whom her father loved, into her companionship. Without formal introduction, they had met, conversed, and fallen into cordial relations. Why should she refuse to see him again? Why deprive herself of the only happiness that had crossed her dreary path since that terrible shipwreck? To her there seemed to be something providential in the accident that had thrown them together. She felt it a sacred duty to know and like the man who seemed to come to her with a message from the dead. Of course, Virginia did not understand the full meaning of that letter as Brooks understood it. To her those hints and broken sentences, which he connected with previous conversations, were vague, and might have applied to fifty things of which she was ignorant. They really made no impression on her mind more than the rest of the letter. Cora had understood everything at the first glance, but the purer and better girl never dreamed that her father had for years selected Clarence Brooks as her husband.

So there really was nothing unmaidenly in the fact that she went, deliberately and with throbs of pleasant expectation, down to the woods that afternoon. She had seen Brooks riding off with Cora in the morning from her chamber window, and a strange feeling of sadness came over her at the sight. It was hard to know that another person was usurping her place—harder than she had ever felt it before. Cora's clear, ringing laugh came back to where she stood as she rode gaily down the drive. They were splendidly mated, she could not deny that, and a finer couple could not have been found within a hundred miles. But her heart sank, and a sense of the wrong done her grew bitter as death in her bosom. She was restless all that morning, and when she spoke the tears rushed so close to her eyes that Ellen grew sad at heart every time she looked up from her writing.

So the two girls kept their promise and went down to the stone bridge, innocent as birds, and came back almost as happy. Such a day for nutting did not often present itself, yet so little had been done in reality. There had been another long conversation among the ferns and a visit to the frost grape-vine, which Virginia sketched on a bit of Bristol board taken from her memorandum book with a touch and finish that made Brooks doubly ashamed of the scrap he had thrown away.

Would she give it to him? Why, of course, that was what she had taken it for. Not worth offering, but if he liked it, she would bring down materials to-morrow and sketch the bridge and cabin, with that dear old chestnut tree, just as it was. Some time, perhaps, it would serve to remind him of her and Ellen.

So, in this innocent fashion, a meeting was arranged for the next day. It took a long time, I must confess, to gather up all the chestnuts, though the pile in the log cabin grew larger and larger every day for a full week. Then work grew rather dull in the woods. The frost grapes were a resource, but grapes would not last for ever, deliciously ripe as the clusters were, and when they gave out, what was to be done? Brooks be thought himself of a pic-nic for three, all the pre-

parations to be left for his superintendence, and some fishing in the brook the day after, for he solemnly believed that trout were to be found higher up the ravine. At any rate, it was worth trying. On second thought, they would have the fishing first, and after that the pic-nic; the trout would be so nice cooked by a fire in the woods, that was, if they caught any. Virginia scarcely believed that there was trout in the brook. But then, to be sure, she had been away for so many years that some change was to be expected.

Well, the next afternoon was devoted to exploring the brook; poles had been provided, and a case of flies quite enchanted the girls as a matter of high art. So away the trio went up the banks of the brook, casting out their lines and dancing the flies about after a fashion that would have fascinated the most wary trout to his undoing, if any fish of the kind had taken shelter in those bright waters. But coquettes without beaus, and artistic flies in a stream which produces nothing but shiners and pin-fishes, must necessarily be at a discount. Still it is hard to discourage a man who in his heart expects nothing.

Clarence Brooks expressed himself as hopeful that plenty of trout could be found higher up the stream, and the girls, having great faith in his judgment, acquiesced. If they caught nothing at last, it was no fault of his. Besides, a fine, breezy walk, with bright, ripe leaves showering over them at every step, was compensation enough for any fatigue they might have felt. So, after all, the fishing excursion was not exactly a failure. Indeed, but for the shame of it, Virginia would have pronounced the whole affair a brilliant success.

As for Brooks, he went home that night and instead of going up to the house, where Cora sat ready to charm him with unlimited music, such music, too! he spent the whole evening alone on that back stoop, so lost in thought that the cigar went out between his lips, and it was midnight before he became aware of it.

CHAPTER XL.

CLARENCE BROOKS TALKS CONFIDENTIALLY TO CORA LANDER.

CORA SEYMOUR—we cannot honestly call her Lander, though others did—had her fit of abstraction also. She had been in the drawing room all the evening, anxious, feverish, indignant. In all those days she had made no headway with this strange man, Clarence Brooks. Their morning rides had been bright, cheerful, exhilarating as ever. He had spent almost every evening in her company, when she had charmed him with the brilliancy of her music and fascinated him by her conversation. Still the man's heart seemed no nearer to her. She did not want his admiration, but his whole being—that intellect which so overmastered her own, compelling such homage as she had never given to human being before—the heart, proud, tender, honest. She wanted absolute power over this man, to enslave him with her love, tie him down with ten thousand meshes woven by her crafty mind and burning heart. She cried out to herself as Cleopatra questioned her handmaid:

"Did I ever love Seymour like this?"

Her imperious nature answered exultantly:

"Never, never; that was not love. The mad passion of a mad heart lifted him to my level for a brief time, but had no power to hold him there. He is coming, I hear his step on the gravel. No, no, it is the heavy animal, Joshua Hurd. How I loathe that man! He will not come to-night. But to-morrow we ride again. How his absence stings me! I asked him to come—implored him! He only smiled, but promised nothing!"

She walked that spacious room hurriedly up and down, round and round, like a wild leopardess in its den. Fight against it as she would, the knowledge that she was a married woman tortured her. A hoop of diamonds concealed her wedding ring; even in her waning love some romantic fancy had induced her to put its duplicate with the lock of hair which she had given her husband when he set forth on this journey westward—a journey for which she could find no reason. He was not well, certainly, but that offered no excuse for this prolonged delay. A sort of vague respect for the sanctity of her marriage vow had kept the ring on her finger, but this evening she took it off, guard and all, and, darting through the French window on the colonnade, hurled them both into the night with a gesture of absolute loathing.

It was ten o'clock now, and there was no hope that Brooks would come, so her heart leaped forth to the morning when she was sure to see him.

Once in her own room, she locked the door with an angry twist of the key, and sat down by her

desk with hot red upon her cheeks and hot fire in her eyes.

She wrote a letter to Seymour—a harsh, cruel, bitter epistle—reproaching him for the advantage he had taken of her youth and inexperience. She told him, in sharp words, that she did not love him, never had loved him, and from the depths of her heart hated the idea of ever seeing him again. "Go," it said, "go to Montano, to Oregon, to the Indies, any place where the English language is not spoken or civilised rites recognised. I will send you money for this purpose to an unlimited extent, make you rich enough to satisfy the ambition of any man, but never on this earth let me hear your voice again, never take the name of wife, as regards me, between your lips, for I will perish rather than recognise myself as your wife."

The letter was entirely in this strain. All the disappointment and venom of a bad heart she threw upon the paper, blindfold as to its consequences. For the time, the cunning and craft of her nature were swept away. This man was an impediment; he had snared her in the first wild impulses of her youth, and she found a keen pleasure in hurling defiance at him.

The letter once written, she treated it like an enemy, struck its folds down to the table with her clenched hands, then dropped burning wax upon it, which she stamped fiercely under a seal ring which he had given her.

When all this was done, the cold craft which underlied the rash passion asserted itself.

"Not yet," she muttered, "but it shall be, though it were like tearing shackles from my wrists with red-hot pincers. It shall be done, but warily, warily. With gold and courage I shall find my way out."

She closed her desk and locked it, first securing the compartment in which the letter was placed, with a tiny key, which formed an ornament to her chataleine.

After this the woman went to bed, and lay awake all night planning such plans and thinking such thoughts as take all the youth out of a human life.

Clarence Brooks came at his usual hour in the morning. He was graver than usual, and placed the woman, whose eyes were fixed upon him with such earnest meaning, in her saddle without looking in her face. For a time they rode on in silence. There might have been some cause for this depression in the heavy air and clouded sky which over-shadowed the beautiful woods and crisp fields with a gloom which took away half their brilliancy.

"You seem depressed this morning," said Cora, reigning her horse up to that on which Clarence Brooks sat, looking straight before him. "Is it this dull sky, or has something happened?"

"It is not exactly the sky, though we have ridden under those that were brighter—nor is it that anything has happened; but I received a letter this morning which has set me to thinking of unpleasant subjects."

"Are they such as a very sincere friend may not share?" she asked, sweetly. "I am low-spirited enough myself to sympathise with anything sad."

"I think it is the saddest thing in the world to meet with ingratitude where one has loved, and treachery in reward for honest confidence."

"And is this your case?"

"I will tell you, Miss Lander, for it is a thing that has troubled me not a little, and I am in doubt how to act. You remember something that I told you about my illness in the East?"

"Yes, I remember every word you ever said to me."

She spoke impressively and with a slight tremor in her voice. He turned on his saddle and looked at her earnestly a moment. She felt the blood rising to her cheeks, and with a sudden impulse of that modesty which springs from genuine feeling, made her horse wheel half round, thus taking her face out of view.

"I remember about the illness, certainly. It was strange enough to fasten all its details on the mind."

"You will then recollect that I spoke of hearing the rustle of papers?"

"Yes. It was very singular."

"Those papers were bills of exchange on America to the amount of twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars, just that sum?"

"This is how they happened to be with me in the East. I had intended to go directly to America, but learning that your father had come to Europe, changed my plans and set forward to the Holy Land, without disturbing the bills of exchange, which I determined to use at a later period. These bills were taken from my desk

when I was supposed to be dead, by a young man whom I had loved and trusted as a brother."

"Your servant?" questioned Cora, in a low voice.

"No; I had never in my life considered him in any light but that of a friend and travelling companion. He was introduced and recommended to me by a person in whom I had a perfect trust. Handsome, accomplished, genial in his character, I had no reason to doubt him, though, from his own confession, he had been a little wild in early youth, which he seemed to regret sincerely. He was, in fact, a petted favourite, and we travelled together as friends; but, in spite of all that, he abandoned me on what he believed to be my death-bed, plundering my desk of these bills before he went."

"It was an ungrateful act," said Cora; "an unaccountable act in the man you describe."

"The more so," answered Brooks, "because he always had charge of all the money intended for our travelling expenses, and was never questioned regarding it. That money was left. Yet there was enough to have tempted his cupidity."

"Can you account for this?"

"In no way but one. From the time we left Italy the aim and hope of his life seemed to be a voyage to America. He spoke of it incessantly, and made various efforts to break up our trip to the East, that we might go earlier than I proposed."

"You spoke of being in Italy with this ungrateful man. In what part?"

"We were staying at Sarento. I was not well, and liked the place. He was much at Naples, and spent some time in the neighbourhood of Gaeta, where he met a party of interesting strangers, some of them American ladies, I fancy, for after that he became wild to visit that country."

"At what period was this?"

"I remember the date well, for I started with him and went up to Rome in advance. He did not join me till six weeks after. It was on the first of June, 18—"

Cora's horse swerved from the road. She struck him violently; so violently that he reared and came down with a force which would have thrown a less firm horsewoman over his head. Brooks dashed up, and, seizing her bridle at the curb, brought the horse's head down upon his chest.

"Are you hurt? What started him? Don't be frightened, he seems quiet enough now."

She was white as marble, and her eyes were turned away from him.

"I am neither hurt nor frightened, thank you," she answered, in a voice so deep and husky that he could not believe her words.

"I am afraid—I am sure you deceive yourself Miss Lander. Why there is not a gleam of colour in your face!"

"That is nothing. He startled me a little, I confess. It was the suddenness. One is not prepared for everything, you know."

She laughed a sharp, ringing laugh, that cut to his ear like an arrow, and turned her white face full upon him, as if to brave the severest scrutiny.

He shook his head and looked more and more anxious.

"This sort of thing makes one a little hysterical, I suppose," she said, more quietly, "though I hate to own it. Come, let us ride on; we are losing the best part of the morning."

Brooks loosened his hold on the bridle, and patted the pony's neck as he arched it again.

"He does not seem in the least vicious. What could have frightened him so?"

"No matter," she answered, moving on; "I am not to be surprised again."

They rode on in silence some ten minutes, then she was the first to speak.

"You did not tell me all. Have you ever seen or heard of this man who robbed you since?"

"Yes, I have seen him twice, and heard news of him only this morning."

"Oh, that seems interesting. When was it that you saw him?"

"Some weeks ago. He was in the Central Park, driving as handsome a pair of chestnut horses as I ever set eyes on."

"Alone?"

"Yes, he was quite alone, and driving himself."

"And the next time? You see I am getting quite curious about this handsome culprit. I think you said he was handsome?"

"Very. I think, in my whole life, I never saw a more perfect specimen of physical beauty. He was clever, too, in a certain way—had a great deal of fanciful taste, and all the telling accomplishments which take so with ladies. But, to do him justice, he seemed to regard these things very little, and rather avoided the popularity they gave him with the sex."

"He must have been a singularly interesting person."

"He was; I loved him almost as if he had been my brother. Even now I find myself making excuses for him. Some powerful temptation must have possessed him—of that I am certain."

"I think you said that you had seen him twice."

"Yes, but it was under very doubtful circumstances. A person who had loved and observed him less might have been deceived. I was not, though he was carefully disguised. The next morning after seeing him in the park, I almost ran against him while entering the bank on which my letters of credit were drawn."

"Indeed! when was that?"

"Just six weeks ago to-morrow."

"In the morning, did you say?"

"Yes, not half an hour after the bank opened. He had just presented a draft and drawn out most of the funds that he had left on deposit. The date and signature of the draft and its regular endorsement would have convinced ordinary observers that he was far away from New York, but I am sure of my man."

"Did you follow him?"

"Yes? the carriage which brought me was at the door; I got into it at once and kept my friend in sight. He entered an omnibus, left it and took another, got out and walked, then suddenly entered a singular house in—street, using a latch-key. It must have been his home."

"Then you had him in your power."

"I knew where he was, certainly, for I took the number."

"And made no use of the knowledge?"

"How could I? the man had been my friend, I had aided him, liked him. He had some fine qualities. Was I to degrade him fore-er for a few thousand dollars?"

"You are a generous man!" exclaimed Cora, with quick admiration. "It is the grand character, after all, which wakes up all the homage of one's nature."

After her first exclamation, she had spoken like one in a deep reverie.

"There was no great generosity in leaving this man to his fate. I had no purpose of revenge to gratify."

"Then you have no thought of arresting him?"

"If I had, the thing would be easy enough, for I know where he is at this moment."

"Indeed!"

"A party of my friends are going out to the great prairies, buffalo hunting. This man joined them at St. Joseph, in Missouri. They mention him in their letters as the pleasantest fellow in the world."

"Are you certain it is the same man?"

"Quite certain; he wears a seal ring that I gave him, an antique that I got at Thebes, which one of my friends, who has a fancy for such matters, describes to me minutely. There is not another ring like it in America. Besides, there is no mistaking the account he gives of the person. Then, again, I have reason to believe he went West. When I was in town searching for a good saddle-horse, I came across the pair of chestnuts that I had admired so much in the Park. It was these horses which first drew my attention to the man. They were at a livery stable; the keeper of the stable said he had just received a letter from their owner, who wrote from the West, ordering them to be sold and the money transmitted to St. Joseph."

They had been walking their horses while this conversation was going on, but all at once Cora drew her bridle.

"Thank you for the story," she said. "Notwithstanding your rare magnanimity, the fellow seems but a very commonplace plunderer after all. Now, I would have gone to you at once, thrown myself on your mercy and given up all. But such courage as that belongs to great manliness, and that the creature never had."

"No, Miss Lander, he never would have had courage enough for that, though I cannot exactly see how you should understand him so well."

"Why all that you have said proves it, Mr. Brooks. But we are allowing this very worthless person to abridge our ride. See, the sun is breaking out. Let us try this stretch of level road and have a race for it. A pair of gloves that Blackbird wins!"

Away she went, challenging him with a clear, silvery laugh, that seemed never to have known what a spasm of the throat meant; but there was what seemed to her an absolute girdle of iron around her chest when that laugh broke from it, and nothing but fierce motion kept her from crying out that this pain was killing her.

"There," she said, five minutes after, drawing Blackbird up so suddenly that he staggered backward on his haunches with his chest flecked with

foam and drops of blood about the bit, "I have won the gloves. Now let us ride along like Christians."

She reeled upon her saddle as the last words died on her lips, and would have fallen, but Brooks pressed his horse close to hers and supported her with his arm.

"I—I am faint—it was imprudent—let us go home," she faltered, leaning her head against him.

"Rest a moment as you are," he answered, gently. "I feared this spirited creature would tire you out."

She closed her eyes, and up through all the anguish in her bosom a soft smile came trembling to those pale lips.

"Are you better, Miss Lander?"

She neither answered nor moved her head, but the smile died out. His position was an irksome one, and there had been a shade of impatience in his voice, which she felt keenly.

"Yes, thank you, I am better," she said, after a moment. "The air is very close—this swift motion has made me giddy. How far are we from home? I have not noticed much."

"Four or five miles, perhaps. Have you strength to return? I will ride close to your horse and keep him steady."

"Thank you—oh, yes, I shall be able to manage the distance. If I only had a glass of water now."

"We passed a house a quarter of a mile back; I will get you a glass of water there. Come, Blackbird."

Cora slowly wheeled her horse around, and in a few minutes reached a little one-story house close by the road. Here a glass of water was obtained, and after that they returned home almost in silence. Brooks asked if she felt better, now and then, with that tender sympathy of manner which made a strong contrast with his sterner qualities, and she answered him gratefully, as proud women sometimes will when doubtful of their power.

When they reached home, Brooks lifted Cora from the pony, and, throwing an arm around her, almost carried her into the drawing-room. There he placed her in a curve of one of the broad couches, and arranged the cushions for her to lean against.

She accepted these attentions with a wan smile, and taking his hand as it was withdrawn from the cushions, held it close between both hers, looking at him with a mute appeal as if claiming some deeper sympathy than he had yet given her.

"Shall I ring for wine or anything?" he said. "Perhaps your aunt had better be called?"

"By no means; I am well enough," she answered, rising slowly from among the cushions. "You are in haste to begone I see."

"Not if I can serve you in anything."

"But you cannot; I have only to rid myself of this heavy dress and lie down awhile. Good-morning, and many thanks. Shall I see you this evening?"

"I shall certainly come to inquire after your health."

He was gone. Cora ran up stairs, fell upon the bed, and lay there motionless.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 273.)

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all Corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and d. and 1s. tins.

IF THERE ARE ANY LADIES who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done they will say, like the Queen's Laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of a extra profit. Beware, therefore, of spurious imitations.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water and milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS AND Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London." Also makers of Epps's Milky Cocoa (Cocoa and Condensed Milk)

NEW BOOKS.

"THE Violet Child of Arcadia," and other poems. By VASCO. (Published by Longmans, Green, and Co., London). A little volume of poems, which if they do not rise above mediocrity, yet contain many pleasing lines. For instance we will quote the opening stanza:—

"Morn breaks! she rises from her mother's breast,
And casts aside the glittering diamond vest
Which shrouds her wealth of oveliness from sight;
And joyful at the Lord of Day's behest
She treads the pastures, with a step so light
That little wild blooms lift their heads to see.
Persephoné."

The following is a pretty little poem, and a fair specimen of the author's ability:—

THE COTTAGE IN THE GLEN.

He wanders by a distant mere,
He passes o'er the surging sea—
New beauties rise—new forms appear—
Yet one alone he still can see.
Amid the crowd, the gorgeous throng,
Amid the revel and the play—
The haunting sweetness of her song
Can never, never pass away.

He views the tinted mountain tower,
He views the glowing heather lie,
He clasps the little purple flower
Which erst was wont to charm her eye;
He sees the sunlit cot—the home
Which shelt'ring nursed his tender dove,
And o'er his eyes there falls a mist—
The mist of tears—the tears of love.

He sees her stand with upturned gaze
To meet his glance with answering smile,
The glorious evening sunset rays
Lighting each distant peak the while,
And shedding hues of changeful light
Upon each gable end and bough;
Each rugged, moss-grown lintel, bright
Beneath the fervid golden glow.

In fancy he can yet behold
Dark lustrous eyes—a brow of snow;
Can touch her tresses' rippling gold,
And hear her utterance soft and low.
He lives past hours in memory,
And wearied turns from haunts of men;
His heart can only vainly sigh
For one lone cottage in the glen.

"No sect in Heaven," and other poems. (Provost and Co., 36, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.) A little volume of poems more deserving of commendation for their religious spirit than their literary merit. The following verse is one of the best amongst the number:—

Two little babes on earth,
Foster and Allie,
Two little babes in death,
Treading the valley;
Two little babes in heaven,
Singing for ever,
Harps in their cherub hands,
Striking together.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The *St. James's*, which contains the first instalment of an interesting narrative of the adventures of three Englishmen and three Russians in South Africa.

Aunt Judy's Magazine, a fair average number; and *Sunshine*, which continues the serial stories, and concludes "Little Effie's Midnight Ride."

Faithful Words has also reached us.

Portrait albums are now to be found on every drawing-room table. No article is more welcome as a gift. They were badly bound when first introduced, but are now got up in the most perfect style, with leather joints, so as to last for years, at extraordinarily low prices for 50, 100, 300, or 400 portraits, by Parkins and Gotto, purveyors of fancy articles to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales's 27 and 28, Oxford-street, London, W.

To brace the nerves, to overcome weariness and disinclination to activity, to prevent irregularities, we should recommend recourse to be had to Kearsleys' Widow Welch's Female Pills, which are a really invigorating tonic medicine. Creating an appetite; correcting indigestion; dispelling flatulency; curing headache; relieving shortness of breath and palpitations of the heart. Used with great success by the medical profession, and proved by over 20,000 people annually to be certain means of relief. Sold by all chemists in boxes in white wrappers (which notice particularly to evade deception), or by post, free for 36 stamps, of J. Sanger and Sons, 160, Oxford-street London, W.

FIGARO v. THE LADY'S OWN PAPER.

The *Figaro*, a paper remarkable for its smudgy illustrations, for its cantankerousness, and for the number of actions for libel now proceeding against it, rather than for its wit or satire, has, in its last number, in a portion of the paper headed "The Town Crier," the following paragraph:—

"An incautious writer in the *Morning Advertiser* having passed some sharp censure upon the alleged custom of tinting the female face with pigments, a correspondent of the *Lady's Own Paper*, who carries a concealed weapon in her mouth, has made war upon him with the same. She denies that there is such a custom extant, and we unhesitatingly believe her; we marvel, nevertheless, how so many women are born with painted faces, and we stand speechless before the solemn mystery of the purpose implied. But, while denying that 'beautifuling for ever' exists as a custom, the lady admits that there are exceptional instances. She says—'That there are women who paint and powder, I cannot deny. They have done it ever since, and no doubt long before, the time when Jezebel tired her head, and painted her eyes, and sat herself before the window.' How very old these unfaltering besmirchers must be! It is painful to think of these antique belles touching up their faded charms with so unwavering a singleness of purpose, through so many centuries! Our bitter-sweet female goes on to explain the process by which Mrs. Jezebel 'tired her head.' It would be almost equally in point to tell us how she tires hers. It certainly is not by hard thinking."

An additional notice in the same number, says: "We have entered into arrangements with the late editor of the *San Francisco News Letter*, the best conducted of American satirical journals, to contribute to the *Figaro* a series of 'topical' paragraphs, in the style so well known to the English public, and so frequently quoted by English newspapers. Whilst adhering to his own humorous and whimsical peculiarities, the 'Town Crier' will endeavour to render his contributions acceptable to the readers of the *Figaro*, and will comment principally upon current London events. His first budget of wit and wisdom appears to-day, and will, we think, be found fully up to the mark."

The paragraph respecting ourselves appears in the first budget of the "Town Crier's" wit and wisdom!! Wit and wisdom? Heaven save the mark! It would puzzle Professor Queckett with the assistance of the "Town Crier" to find a particle of wisdom even with the aid of a powerful microscope. *Figaro* has hitherto protested that it is not a "comic paper," but after this specimen of wit we presume he will not repeat the assertion, but hold himself on a level with certain other "comic" periodicals which he so persistently holds up as objects of derision.

The *San Francisco News Letter* may have been the best conducted of American papers under the editorship of the "Town Crier," but if we may pass an opinion upon his editorial capabilities, judging from the specimen which he has given us in this his "first instalment of 'Wit and Wisdom,'" we really cannot help pitying the poor reader of those papers which were worse conducted than the *S. F. N. L.* The "Town Crier" may have a profound knowledge of San Francisco females, and, like the leader writer of the *Morning Advertiser*, of females of the barmaid race and of the *demi-monde*, but that he is profoundly ignorant of the manners and customs of English ladies is apparent. Whatever San Francisco ladies may be in the habit of doing, the English lady is not in the habit of "carrying a concealed weapon in her mouth" wherewith to make war; neither are English writers in periodicals, professedly "comic" or "not comic," in the habit of describing a lady as a "bitter-sweet female;" it may be in accordance with San Francisco notions of "wit and wisdom," to say nothing of such trifles as good manners and courtesy, but it certainly does not accord with our English ideas upon such matters."

"True" has favoured us with a letter on the subject, and we therefore let her speak for herself. —[Editor, *Lady's Own Paper*.]

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—You so kindly inserted a letter of mine in your columns recently, that I venture again to trespass on your space to reply to an attack published in *Figaro*, which smacks rather of the barber-ous than the chivalric in man. Don Quixote, the gallant gentleman who defended damsels in distress, is no more, and in place of the dragons of romance we are now open to the venomous attacks of penny-a-liners, whose point-

lessness and coarseness make me think they write with the curling-tongs, *vice* the pen.

The barber's assistant—the deputy of *Figaro* wishes to know how I tire my head; not he trusts with hard thinking. I should be sorry, indeed, to think harder of any one than he deserves, but I must say my head gets tired with reading such articles as that wherein he pronounces his opinion,—with a feather from the pinion of a goose,—that my writings are executed with "a weapon concealed in my mouth." I have heard of a curious artist who painted with his toes, and made a total success, and of a woman who, having lost both arms, sewed with her mouth in rather a so-so style; but this is the first I ever heard of any one carrying a concealed weapon for writing, a sort of pocket pen, I presume between her teeth. Fortunately I am steeled against all attacks by a box of "Gillott's," and I can assure *Figaro's* apprentice that they are at least equal to his goose-quill—it must have been a goose-quill with which he made that *lapsus lingua*, or he never would so

"Write himself a goose."

I really feel honoured by the epithet he has been at the trouble to invent for such a humble individual; "Bitter-sweet female" he calls your poor little "True," and evidently takes her for a sort of matrimony pudding—a compound of lemon and honey. I sincerely hope his own matrimonial venture has not turned out all verjuice and no sugar; but I am inclined to conjecture that he must be a crusty old bachelor recently jilted, and as angry as a donkey in Central Africa attacked by the carnivorous little birds peculiar to that latitude.

And yet let us be charitable. Much ought to be pardoned in the poor fellow! *Figaro* is but a barber after all, interested in the sale of chignons and hair dyes, and, for that matter, of paints and powders too. He cannot be expected to read English correctly when it interferes with his profits. As "it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," he may reasonably hope, by persuading the ladies that every body sails under false colours, to induce a number to row in his own boat, and so get a larger demand for his own wares, the necessary rigging and paint for the sculls—in fact, bring them to the pole and carry the election.

As it is the etiquette of duelling to fight a man with his own weapons, I reply to my opponent with a volley of puns. But, dear Mr. Editor, what say you to the courage of a he-fellow who makes war on a woman? Do you think the ladies' petition to Mr. Straight should be passed against him? Or would you put him in a straight waistcoat? It is a cruel strait for a lady to stand fire, however accustomed she may be to the smell of powder and the proximity of smoke. You, who are "The Lady's Own" man will at least be the second, I hope and trust, of

Your humble Admirer,
TRUE.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

COCOA-NUT PIE.—Peel the dark skin off, grate the meat upon a large grater (such as is used for green corn), beat one egg light, add a cup of milk, and sugar to taste. If a large cocoa-nut, add one-half the grated meat; if a small one, the whole. Bake with one crust.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.—Rub a cup of sugar and one-third of a cup of butter together, add one egg, one-half cup of milk; stir into a cup and a half of sifted flour a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and add to the other ingredients, and when well beaten stir in the grated cocoanut, the whole of a small one or half a large one. I drop the mixture into pans, allowing a scant spoonful for a cake. Do not let them touch before baking. When done separate them with a knife, putting them on a sieve or platter to cool.

BEEF CHEESE.—Have a beef shin well broken, put it to cook in boiling water; cook till the meat drops from the bone, take out the meat and bones, leaving the water boiling, chop the meat fine, and skim the pot thoroughly. If the water is boiled down to two quarts or a little more it will do; mix the meat and water from the pot together, season as you like with salt, pepper, and sage, pour it into deep earthen dishes to cool; next day it will cut nicely, and will, I think, be liked by all who try it. I cook pig's feet the same way, and think it the best way to cook them.

GLYCERINE RHUM, to soften, purify, and stimulate the skin, and to soften, strengthen, and beautify the hair.—See advertisement page 335.

A GOSSIP WITH THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOAP A SOURCE OF SKIN DISEASES.

Obscure affections of the skin, of men especially, are well known to specialists to be widely spread. They are commonly classed as *eczema*, and, while causing great discomfort, especially at night, show nothing, or almost nothing to the eye, if the patient be otherwise in good health. Skin specialists frequently ask patients whether they have been using any new sort of soap, but no one seems hitherto to have traced any distinct communication between soap and this troublesome disease.

It is a fact, but very little known to the multitude of both sexes who use the "Prime Old Brown Windsor Soap" of the perfumers' shops, that by far the largest proportion of it is manufactured from "bone grease." Few more beautiful examples of chemical transformation are to be found in the whole range of chemical manufacture than this one. At one end of a large range of buildings we find a huge shed heaped up with bones, usually such as are of little value to the bone turner or brush maker, in all stages of putrefaction as to the adherent or inherent portions of softer animal matter attached to them, the odour of which is insupportable.

These are crushed and ground to a coarse powder, exposed to the action of boiling water under pressure, sometimes, of steam, until the grease and marrow are extracted.

The bone grease is of a dark tarry brown colour, and of an abominable odour.

By various processes it is more or less defecated, bleached, and deodorised, and is separated into two or three different qualities, the most inferior of which goes to the formation of railway or other machinery greases, and the latter is saponified, and becomes, when well manufactured, a hard brown soap, still, however, retaining an unpleasant smell. It is now, after being remelted, strongly perfumed, so that, like the clothes and persons of the magnates of the Middle Ages, its own evil odour is hidden by the artificial perfume.

This is the "Fine Old Brown Windsor Soap" of most of our shops. The natural brown colour of the grease gives it the right tint in the cheapest way, without the colouring by caramel, which was the original method of the manufacturer.

Like all other things, there are cheap and dear Windsor soaps; and for the production of the former little is done beyond saponifying and casting into blocks and bars. Were we to rely upon the many experiments that have been made as to the degree of elevation of temperature at which putrescent or other contagious matter is deprived of its morbid power, we might conclude that boiling and saponifying had made this hitherto putrescent grease innocuous.

It seems, however, more than doubtful that such is the fact in this case, for the soap thus made seems to be capable of communicating skin diseases when rubbed on the face for use in shaving.

Eczema is always a distressing complaint even when affecting those in the most robust health. With those of bad constitution or lowered health, however, it seems to degenerate into bad or intractable skin diseases, so that probably this notice may not be deemed useless or uncalled for.

Good value for money is desired by all; but with articles that cannot be judged of by appearance, careful purchasers rely on the high standing of those with whom they deal. For thirty years Horniman's Pure Teas (in packets) have given general satisfaction, being exceedingly strong, of uniform good quality, and truly cheap. Sold by 2,538 Agents—Chemists, Confectioners, and Book-sellers.

A TOUCHING story of faithful love comes from Philadelphia. A beautiful young girl became engaged in 1861 to a gallant officer in the Union army. At the close of the war he went to California to seek his fortune. She waited patiently for his return, feeling confident that he would yet come back to her. So the years passed, grey hairs began to show themselves in her brown tresses, her friends no longer ridiculed her, but pitied her as a monomaniac. Last week her fidelity was rewarded. The lover of her girlhood returned from California, bronzed and bearded, a millionaire, with a wife and twins.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to the recent arrangements the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, will leave Scotland on the 21st inst., for Windsor, where the Court will reside for a month.

THE Prince of Wales returned from Yarmouth on Saturday, and on arriving in London proceeded direct to Marlborough-house. His Royal Highness expressed himself much pleased with his visit to the famous fishing town.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the royal children, left Marlborough-house Monday afternoon for Titniss-park. In attendance were the Hon. Mrs. Coke, General Sir William Knollys, Major-General Probyn, Mr. F. Knollys, and the Rev. J. N. Dalton.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales will visit Dublin in August next.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales were present at Ascot Races Tuesday, notwithstanding the wretched weather that prevailed during part of the day.

THE Empress Charlotte, widow of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, has just completed her thirty-second year. The state of health of the unfortunate princess obliges her to continue the life of complete seclusion which she has been leading for years past at the chateau of Tervueren.

THERE was hard swearing in Mrs. Digges' case at the Westminster police-court. The lady swore her husband deserted her; the husband swore his wife deserted him. Mr. Arnold believed Mrs. Digges, and declined to disturb the protection order he had granted.

A FAVOURABLE crisis has taken place in the dangerous illness of the Prince Royal of Holland, who is now declared saved.

The trial of Marguerite Dixblanc for the murder of her mistress, Madame Riel, in Park-lane, will take place at the ensuing sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and the case will be placed in the list for trial before Baron Channell on Wednesday. The case for the prosecution will be conducted by the Attorney-General, Mr. Poland, and Mr. Beasley, and it is understood that the prisoner will be defended by Mr. Powell, Q.C. Since the adjournment of the trial from the last session the prisoner has not been visited by anyone except her solicitor, Mr. Godfrey. The prisoner has exhibited a remarkably quiet and calm demeanor since she has been confined in Newgate, and she persists in asserting that she had no idea of committing a murder; but that the act of violence was a sudden act caused by the quarrel that took place between her and her mistress, and the insults to which she was subjected by the latter. It is understood that this will be the defence that will be set up for the prisoner at the trial, and if it should succeed the prisoner would only be convicted of manslaughter.

M. THIERS having placed his umbrella against the wall in his courtyard, whilst speaking to a Deputy, a gentleman was caught in the act of taking it. Still, the *larrecin furtivement fait*, as Rabelais has it, turned out doubly successful, for when it was ascertained that the perpetrator was an English amateur who wanted the article for his collection, M. Thiers not only caused the proceedings to be stayed, but made a present of the hard-earned umbrella. We only hope that this lenient action of the President may not bring upon him an avalanche of applications for left-off things, autographs, &c., or a regular gang of curiosity shoplifters—*Rien n'est sacré pour un collectionneur*.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.—On Monday evening the four-oared race between the London Rowing Club and the Atalanta Boat Club of New York was rowed over the Metropolitan Course, though down from Mortlake to Putney with the ebb tide, instead of up from Putney to Mortlake with the flood, and, resulted, in accordance with the anticipations of everybody who had the least pretensions to be a judge of rowing, in the signal defeat of the Americans.

At about a quarter to eleven o'clock on Sunday night a report, resembling that of a musket shot, was heard in Merrion-square, Dublin. Shortly afterwards an explosion, which shook the entire square, was felt by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Leinster-lawn. Some gentleman ran immediately from their houses, suspecting that it might have been an attempt to injure the statue of the Prince Consort. They found the gate leading into the National Gallery open, and on procuring a light, and proceeding to the monument, they found the remains of some powder canisters and fragments of the plaster model scattered about. The monument has, however, been but slightly

injured. About the same time an attempt was also made to blow up the statue to Lord Carlisle, in the People's-park.

At the Brentford Police-court, Tuesday, George Hyde, coke dealer, of Running Horses-yard, Brentford, came before the magistrates, on crutches, and asked for a summons. He stated that his wife absconded on Thursday morning while he was in bed, taking with her among other things, his wooden leg. He was unable to carry on his business in consequence, and wished to recover the leg. The chairman issued the summons, but took measures to facilitate an amicable arrangement.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S STRIKE.—Up to last Saturday, the women have been working for the laundresses for 2s. 6d. per diem and a pint of beer. To-morrow they return to work at 3s. for a day of two hours less, and the pint of beer as before. Thus they gain virtually 1s., for they were paid at the rate of 3d. an hour before.

HENRY SEYMOUR, aged 75, who called himself the Hon. Henry Cavendish, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for feloniously intermarrying Annie Elizabeth Pugh, niece of Mrs. Pugh, of the mourning warehouse, in Regent-street, during the lifetime of his wife Alethea.

THE movement for independence of the Dundee maid servants has come to an abrupt termination. The trades' council offered to undertake the management of the committee, but the secretaries and treasurers refused to fill their posts unless payment was guaranteed. The reporters were excluded from the meeting.

A HAIRDRESSER was killed whilst passing in the Rue de Bruxelles at Paris by a bull dog falling upon him from the fourth story. The dog was dispatched at once.

THE National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes, owns the Princess Louise as a patroness, and for vice-presidents the Bishop of Exeter, Lords Lawrence and Lyttleton, Mr. Stansfeld, and the Dean of Westminster. The chairman (?) of the central committee is Mrs. W. Grey. A meeting was recently held, the present object being to gain funds.

Description of our Illustrations.

THE NEWEST FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—Frontispiece.—Black straw hat bound with black ribbon. A pink feather and a rose at the side. The pink of the feather and flower is almost of a salmon shade. A little spray of flowers on the strings.

FIGS. 2 and 3.—The back and front of a Polonaise Costume for walking.—For summer seaside wear make the polonaise of Italian grass cloth, a material very like brown holland, but much superior, and trim with white washing braid. Let the underskirt be of brown camlet, or brown washing satin with bands of white calico or linen material stitched on. Yak lace may be used instead of fringe, or a plain hem left without ornament. The first skirt may be made of black silk or grey camlet trimmed with velvet, and the overdress of a shawl costume of lighter polonaise, grey tweed trimmed with velvet. In these materials it is suitable for Scarborough or other seaside places, or travelling when a warm costume is required. During the present dirty weather and again in the autumn it will look well thus made. Or it may be made of tussore silk trimmed with black velvet over a velveteen skirt with bands of satin; or of tussore silk trimmed with brown or violet velvet and fringe over a brown or violet Irish poplin skirt.

FIG. 5.—An Evening Cap.—Composed of a headpiece of white lace, with insertion of lace crossing and recrossing at the back, and terminating in lapets. A bow of light blue satin is fastened under a trail of blue convolvulus at the right side. Strings of blue.

FANCY WORK.

FIG. 4.—Lacet edging for Bodices, &c.—The materials.—Lace braid in two sizes, and Boar's Head cotton, Nos. 30 and 40. After tracing, braid the pattern first with the wide, then with the narrow, and then fill in with bars in button-hole with No. 30 cotton, and the spider's web in No. 40. The edge should be in knotted cable-stitch, as seen.

FIG. 6.—Waistband with Keys and Sachet.—Composed of ruby-coloured or turquoise blue velvet, with the chains black or gold. The band and sachet of the velvet embroidered with chalk white beads and Boar's Head cotton, No. 26, according to our design. The fringe should be of the chalk white beads also. A cut paper pattern of this design will be forwarded for three stamps and addressed envelope.

FIG. 7.—A Needlecase.—Composed of scarlet silk, divided between each number with a line of black velvet, dotted with gold beads. The flap as well as the top of each little pocket bound with black velvet. Strings of black ribbon.

FIG. 8.—Star for Collars, &c.—The materials.—Mignardise braid, a small shuttle, and Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 24. Form the braid into a round of 11 loops; then, after filling the shuttle, join to a loop of the braid, and form a loop for the 1st oval, and work 5 double, then 1 pearl, and 5 double 3 times, and draw close,*, and join to the next loop of the braid; then form a loop close for the next oval, and work 5 double, join to the last pearl of last oval, 5 double, then 1 pearl, and 5 double twice, and draw close. Repeat from * all round, and fasten off. Then fill up the centre with spider's-web lace stitch.

FIG. 9.—Mignardise Star.—The materials.—Mignardise braid, H. Walker's Penelope crochet hook, No. 4, and Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 20. Work 1 double through each of the next 27 or 30 loops, then fasten off by working 1 single through the 1st double stitch, and fasten the braid into a round, neatly, by sewing, and then fill up the centre with the cable stitch.

FIG. 10.—A Leaf in Tatting for ornamenting Sleeves, Collars, &c.—The materials.—A small shuttle and Boar's Head cotton, No. 26 or 30. After filling the shuttle, form a loop for the 1st oval without breaking from the reel, and work 3 double; then 1 pearl, and 3 double 6 times, and draw close; then form a loop close for the 2nd oval, and work 5 double; then 1 pearl, and 3 double 8 times, 2 double, and draw close; then commence the 3rd oval close to the last, and work as the 1st oval, and after drawing close, work upon the reel thread with the shuttle 9 double, and after drawing the shuttle thread slightly, to curve the stitches into a pretty stem, fasten off by knotting the ends together.

FIG. 11.—Insertion for Chemises, &c., in Point Lacet.—The materials.—Lace, braid with an edge, and Boar's Head cotton, No. 30, or finer. The braid should be tacked upon the toile cirée, in lines as seen, and then filled in with spider's-web and button-hole bars.

FIG. 12.—Star in Tatting for spotting Net Veils, &c.—The materials.—A small shuttle, and Boar's Head crochet cotton, No. 26 and 40, or finer if desired. 1st star: After forming a loop with No. 26 cotton, work 1 double, *, then 1 rather small pearl and 3 double, then 1 large pearl and 3 double; repeat from * 5 times more, so making 12 pearl loops, and draw close; fasten off at the back neatly by knotting the ends together; fill up centre with spider's-web lace stitch, in No. 40.

The cottons are numbered in accordance with Messrs. W. Evans and Co's Boar's Head cotton and the needle by Messrs. H. Walker's guage.

A FARMER saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer, "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

FROM J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport Dorsetshire: "I consider BUNTER'S NERVINE a specific for tooth-ache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." From E. Smith, Esq., Surgeon, Sherston, near Cirencester: "I have tried BUNTER'S NERVINE in many cases of severe tooth-ache, and in every instance permanent relief has been obtained." Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 1½. per packet; or post free for 15 stamps from J. R. Cooper, Maidstone.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was once at a dinner party where his host had set him with his back to a fiery red hot stove. Finding it quite too hot for comfort, after some squirming he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess jocularly, "I thought an old General like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand fire in my rear," replied the General.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Rheumatism and Neuralgia.—Though the former disease, remorselessly attacks the young and the robust, and the latter ruthlessly selects its victims from the weak and delicate, the same medical treatment will infallibly cure both complaints. After the affected parts have been diligently fomented with hot brine, and the skin has been dried, Holloway's Ointment must be well and perseveringly rubbed in for a few minutes twice a day, and his Pills must be taken according to the printed directions wrapped round each box of his medicine. Both Ointment and Pills are accompanied by instructions designed for the public at large, and no invalid, who attentively reads them, can now be at any loss to doctor himself successfully.

I HAVE STRIVEN TO FORGET THEE.

BY GEORGIANA C. CLARK.

I have striven to forget thee! Let the bird forget its nest
When fond thoughts of thee are banished from the sunlight of this breast;
Let the spring forget to clothe the earth within an emerald vest,
And the sun delay his setting and forsake the amber West.

I have striven to forget thee, for I thought thee false and vain;
Forgive me if I wronged thee, if I caused one throb of pain!
For how'er I toiled to lull thought, still an exquisite refrain
From love's old ditty haunted me, again and yet again.

I have striven to forget thee, but it cannot be. I'm thine
In heart and thought; my fancies like the clinging ivy twine
Ever about thee; and I dream of thee a dream divine.
Forget? There's no oblivion in life for souls like mine.

THE PARIS FASHIONS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE time of year is approaching when we must think of bathing dresses. Every lady of any prudence will assuredly have one of her own, and not put on any habiliment, too short or too long, or half wet, which may just have been removed from a convalescent fever patient or the subject of a cutaneous disorder, a species of ail-

the opening only just sufficient to slip them off. The blouse is cut like a little boy's tunic, or it may be made from a garibaldi pattern, in two pieces, allowing a couple of inches for hems in the front piece. First pin a sheet of newspaper to the back and front of the garibaldi pattern as wide as the hem of the skirt need be (the full width of the material), and then scope it away from the hem to the waist. To make up the dress, run the shoulder and side seams together on the right side, turn, and, if you do not use a machine, stitch

strapped on like a sandal. Mr. Norman, of Westminster-bridge-road, makes a boot which slips on and off without any fastening, and can be wrung out of the water. It is composed entirely of coloured felt. Nets are best to keep the hair neat and may be edged with a ruche of scarlet braid. The pantaloons cut into a width of material for each leg, and the blouse into a width each for back and front. A thin serge as light as possible is the best for the purpose.

To pass from bathing dresses to evening



FIG. 2.

FIG. 3

THE NEWEST FASHIONS

ment for which sea bathing is frequently prescribed. The bathing costume gains in favour daily, and is highly to be commended for the propriety of its appearance. Intending bathers will do well even to relinquish a new silk dress to secure a costume for the bath, which can, indeed, be made at a small cost and will last several seasons. First of all, a pair of pantaloons may be made from the pattern of ordinary drawers, cutting them longer, and making them to open at the hips only—with a single button on the band,

them again on the wrong side, using thread, not cotton; hem the front, and bind the neck and short sleeves with a narrow band of the material. Button the front, and make a waistband. Very dark, almost invisible blue serge trims well with scarlet-worsted braid, half an inch wide. Run it twice round the skirt, up the front, round the arms and ancles, and round the waistband. Make a ruche round the neck of wide scarlet braid. A new bathing shoe is made with a sole pierced with holes, felt sides, and

toilette is only to follow mentally a natural sequence in the transformations of the toilette, for she who pursues health in the bright waters in the morning need not impair it by a little genial mirth and sociality in the evening. A charming evening dress which we recently saw was thus made: A robe composed of a very light shade of silk, the tint of a cup of tea in which abundance of milk had been mixed, was cut with a body slightly open in front, merely parted, and not square. Round this was a broad cherry-

coloured *revers* sloped to a point at the waist, and composed of China crêpe, a little of the grey forming a piping or under band at each edge. The front was open to the top of the slip body, and a little bouquet of damask and white rosebuds placed in it there, tending to the right side. The

dine and guipure lace are in fashion, the bordering being of fringe and lace. They are very suitable in mourning, and on ladies not very young, over black or coloured silk, but are most effective over white muslin. They are, however, expensive to make and do not wear long, soon looking rusty,

and finally finished out for common. Now, long skirts are a necessity for the one occasion and short for the other. Muslin dresses for evening wear are invariably made with hanging sleeves. White Garibaldis are rarely if at all seen. The book-muslin polonaises takes their place, and may

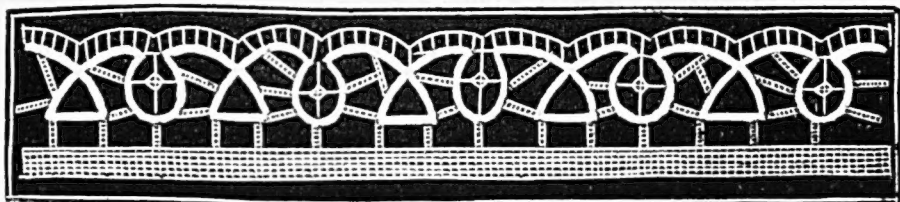


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

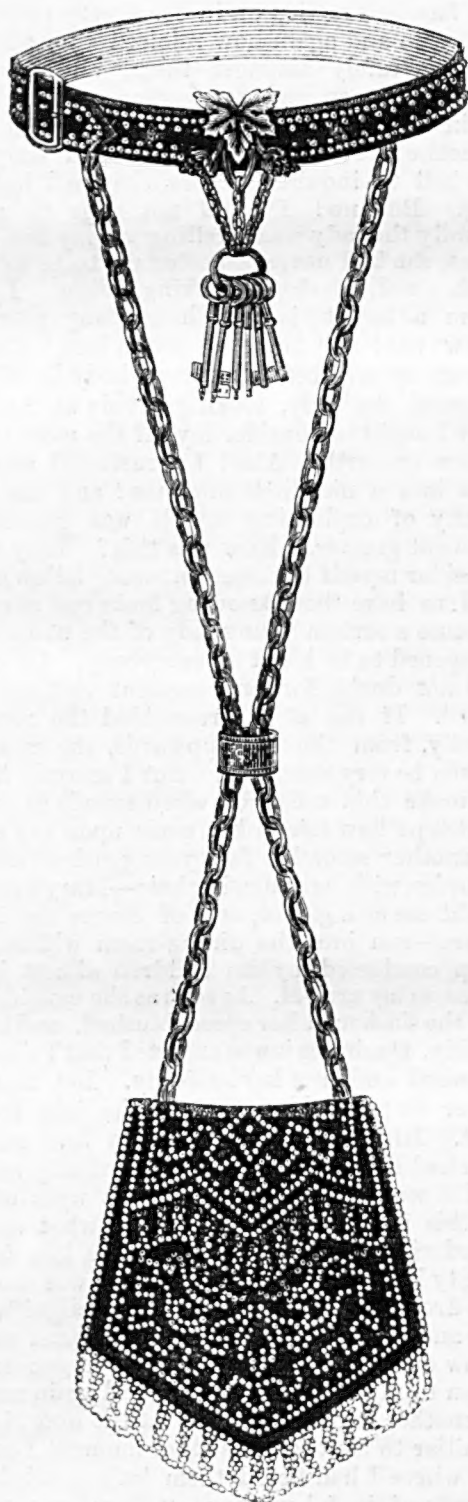


FIG. 6.

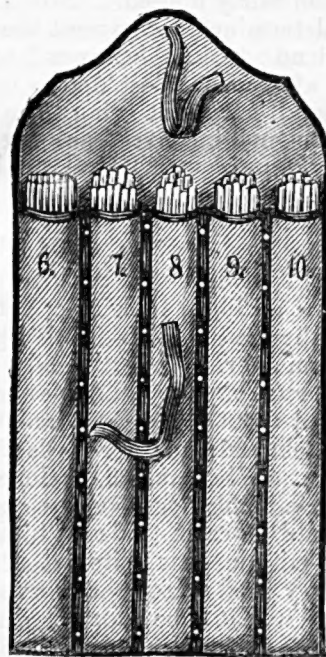


FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

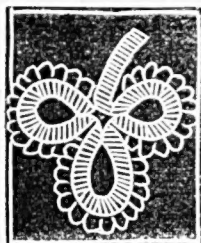


FIG. 10.

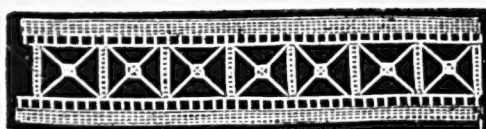


FIG. 11.

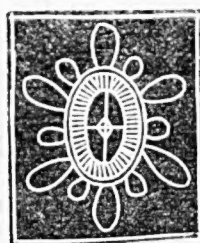


FIG. 12.

bell sleeves had on each a frill edged with fringe of the grey silk and a large cherry bow. Under sleeves of rich lace. Skirt long and plain. Cherry sash with panier bows; cherry bow on one side of the head. Gloves to match the grey of the dress. Polonaises composed of stripes of black grena-

creased, and flimsy.

There is one respect in which the toilette of the present day is expensive. It is the impossibility of wearing a walking dress for evening toilette. Once a black silk or some similar garb could be made generally useful when no great display was needed

be cut high or square or heart-shaped and assumed over a high or low silk body. They are often worn over black, and generally with coloured bows and sash

"HOW I MET MY FATE."

BY LAURENCE LESLIE.

I HAVE heard it said that to be followed by a stray black dog is a sure sign some good luck is about to befall one. Now I do not know how that may be, for though I am continually coming across dogs of all shades and species who persist in accompanying me in my walks, I cannot recall any wonderful piece of good luck ever coming to me in consequence; and yet, ungrateful monster that I am, the young lady sitting at my elbow has just reminded me that had it not been for a remarkably ugly pug dog which is lying before us on the hearthrug, what did happen never would have happened, and I most certainly should have died an old bachelor. What a terrible fate that would have been! Let me relate, then, how it all came to pass. It is now more than two years ago that, as I was passing through one of the west-end squares one fine afternoon in the height of the season, I was suddenly aware that there was a dog by my side which did not belong to me. It was a pug, and he was looking up into my face and asking me in his dog-like way to protect him, or to see him safely housed. Now I hate a pug, and I was determined not to meet the eye of my would-be friend; besides, how was I to know whether he was, after all, a lost dog or not. It was getting late, and I was not going to be put to all sorts of trouble and inconvenience for that pug. I resolved, therefore, to steel my heart against him. He persisted in following me. I stopped, the dog stopped too. With my head in the air I made an abrupt turn with a view to looking out—hopelessly, I confess—for anyone to whom he might seem at all likely to belong; but I saw no one, not even the shadow of a Plush up a gateway, or at an open door. Unfortunately, as I again turned to pursue my way our eyes met and the beast jumped about me joyously and worked his hideous tail backwards and forwards with exquisite satisfaction. What was to be done, night coming on and a valuable dog houseless and miserable. I felt it would be cruel to desert him; and to take him home with me was quite out of the question, for the very good reason that I was not going home. What was to be done? A sudden thought occurred in the emergency. He could not have strayed far, for such a dog as that would have been snapped up by some professional "fancier" in no time. He must, then, belong to one or other of the houses in the square. What if I knocked at every door till I came to the right one, and put the question to every Jeames and Thomas who opened unto me, whether they had lost a pug dog from the house. It seemed the wisest thing to do, for even if I failed to find the rightful owner, there was just the chance that the dog might be recognised by someone who knew its master or mistress, as the case might be. Accordingly, ascending the steps of the first door that presented itself I knocked. Butler, supercilious and unpleasant, wished it to be perfectly understood that they kept no dogs whatever there, and evidently doubted the truth of my statement with regard to the dog's history and thought it was some dodge of mine for getting into the house and walking off with any little thing near to hand. Knocked next door with much the same result, felt embarrassed and guilty, and wished the dog at the bottom of the Red Sea. Began to think it would never do to go on as I had intended. Walked down half that side of the square and crossed over to the opposite side. Should I make one more attempt? Try that house with the portico in the centre and then give it up. Yes, that should be my last attempt, which failing, I must jump into a hansom cab. I ascended the steps and, as luck would have it, rang the visitors' bell by mistake; I had only intended to ask the question of Plush. What, then, was my bewilderment on the door being opened by a nurserymaid with a baby in her arms, some half a dozen other little creatures flung themselves into my arms, and, laughing and jumping about me, caught hold of my coat-tails and whiskers and dragged me into the hall, pug scampering about amongst them meanwhile just as if it was all right and he was at home again. "You darling, delightful, great big cousin," cried a sweet little fairy-like creature in a blue sash as big as herself, darting up at me and giving another pull at my whiskers, "We've been looking through the key-hole for you, all of us, with Nancy and baby for ever so long, and Clara has been crying because you did not come quick. Oh, here comes mama and Mary. Dear mama, it is cousin Frank home at last, and before I could explain myself I felt two fair arms around my neck, and two sweet lips pressed against my own, whilst tears of joy fell from the lady's mild blue eyes. What should I do? What, I should like to know, would any fellow have done

under such peculiar circumstances, knowing, too, as I did quite well, that the younger and prettier lady standing by, was waiting her turn to go through the same performance? I strongly suspect he would have done much as I did, and not unwillingly. Happiest of men, and of supposed cousins! How sweet to me is the memory of that kiss and the blush that followed as that dear girl exclaimed, "There, Frank, I said I would do it; I was determined to be before Clara, and to welcome you home in true cousinly fashion, and now how I will tease her about it!" From this it was clearly evident to me that the said Clara would go through the same agreeable ceremony. Clara, too, who had been crying because I had not come quickly enough; of course she would! Calls for that young lady were now resounding all over the house. Where was the dear girl? Had no one told her? What a shame! "Go, Algey, run, dear child, and fetch Clara." Everybody spoke at once; and pug barked in chorus; the noise was deafening. Meantime, the elder lady, taking me again affectionately by the hand, looked up into my face and rattled on in her cheery voice, telling me again and again how rejoiced they all were to see me safely amongst them, and completely drowning each and every attempt I made to explain that I feared they had mistaken me for someone else; when in truth I had simply rang the bell to inquire whether they had lost a pug dog. But no! I could not edge in a word. Fondly the lady was dwelling on my fine proportions, she had never expected me to be so tall and such a well-developed looking fellow. I had left them a boy in jackets, how many years ago I knew not! "Ah, and dear Clara! Clara had grown up very beautiful, everybody loved Clara," pursued the lady, looking archly at me, adding that I ought to consider myself the most fortunate fellow on earth. Alas! I perceived I was getting now into a nice little dilemma! and that the difficulty of explaining myself was growing each moment greater. How was this? Why was I to consider myself the most fortunate fellow on earth, and to have those knowing looks cast at me; just because a certain young lady of the name of Clara happened to be loved by everybody. Of course I did not doubt for one moment that she was beloved. If she at all resembled the rest of the family, from the baby upwards, she must of necessity be very charming. But I scarcely had time to make this reflection when sounds of footsteps, footsteps how fairy-like! came upon my ear, and in another second a fair young girl all smiles and dimples, with light flowing hair—Mary's sister, as I could see at a glance, and of course the identical Clara—ran into the dining-room whither I had been conducted by the children almost by main force on my arrival. As soon as she caught sight of me she slackened her speed, blushed, and trembled visibly. Doubtless it was expected that I should rush forward and meet her half-way. But that would never do; I could not carry the joke so far as that. Hitherto all the cousinly love and affection had been on their side and perfectly voluntary, and it would be inconsistent if it were otherwise in this instance. I waited somewhat anxiously, wondering whether I was to have a kiss from the dainty little lady. But no, Clara was more coy; she drew herself up in a somewhat dignified manner and extending her little white hand made me a low curtsy. At this everyone began to laugh, when to my relief the visitors' bell rang again, and in another second a voice at the door, in tones familiar to me though at that moment I could not say where I had heard them before, cried out in accents of joyful emotion—"Clara, my own, my dearest, aunt, dear aunt, dear Mary, and this is little Fanny I suppose—Uncle Henry not home from the City, yet of course." And then the gentleman's dark curly head went bobbing from one to the other until at length he looked up and our eyes met. It was Frank Burrell, my old friend Frank, who had been almost my second self in Australia, where we had been thrown much together some years back. It was he, then, the long-looked for, and earnestly desired cousin, for whom I had been so singularly mistaken, and this was the house of which he used so to love to talk, and that kind and genial lady was that aunt who had been to him as a mother and brought him up as though he had been her own son, and the beautiful girl with the flowing hair was that cousin Clara, to whom he had been engaged ever since she was in short frocks and he in jackets. I saw it all now, and most heartily did I laugh at the bewilderment and confusion of the ladies; in fact, when Frank Burrell was told what had occurred we all set up a regular laughing chorus. "And it happened entirely through your picking up this dog" Well, old fellow, all I can say is, you are a great deal more lucky than I am, for I should most certainly have turned up here some hours sooner but

for a confounded dog of mine, a pug that will not follow; the consequence was, I lost him whilst speaking to a man I met in Oxford-street." "A pug," exclaimed I, and my heart beat with hope that it might prove to be the very one my friend had lost. I had forgotten all about the animal till that moment. It had strayed away into the next room with the children. I dived in amongst them, and catching him up by the neck held him aloft for inspection. It was the very identical pug. I need not say that my rejoicings were quite equal to those of his master's at the restoration. I began to think it high time to leave the happy family whose acquaintance I had made in such a singular manner, but Mrs. Seymour, my friend's aunt, would not hear of it. "To part thus from my newly-found relatives would never do," said she, with a laugh. "No indeed, I must stay and bear Frank and her husband company at dinner; she was sure he would be delighted to make my acquaintance for dear Frank's sake." I flattered myself Mary Seymour looked approval at this speech from her mother, and I therefore joyfully accepted the invitation, for I was indeed loath to separate abruptly from my old friend, Frank Burrell, and to say farewell to these most agreeable people.

* * * * *

In less than six weeks after that I had the happiness of acting the part of best man to Frank, and during the honeymoon the pug came to stay with me; and so attached did that dog become to my ways and my hearth-rug, that even after the bride and bridegroom had returned home he stayed on with me. But what this dog has to do with my not dying an old bachelor some of my readers may perchance wish to know? Well, the fact is, I never could forget Mary Seymour's cousinly welcome on the day when I found the dog; I never could see her afterwards without thinking what a dear, sweet, loveable girl she was, what a good daughter, what a kind sister, and, lastly, what an excellent wife she would make for me; and so one day I popped the question and—happiest of men—I was accepted.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

MR. WILLS is writing a drama for Mr. H. Irving.

A PIECE, in four acts, by M. Amédée Achard, entitled "Faustine," has been read at the Vaudeville Theatre.

WE understand Miss Mary Pitt is engaged by Dion Boucicault to appear at Covent Garden in August next.

MR. CHELTNAM is the author of a new extravaganza, which is in preparation at the Adelphi Theatre.

"OLD Heads and Young Hearts" is to be produced at the Vaudeville Theatre. In it Mr. W. Farren will appear.

A GRAND morning performance, in which the most eminent and dramatic artists now in town will take part, will be given at Drury-lane on Wednesday next, in aid of the funds of the Royal Dramatic College.

MR. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan take their final farewell of the public on Saturday, the 6th of July, at Drury-lane theatre, which will be under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

DURING the next opera season at St. Petersburg, Madame Patti will receive 40,000fr. a month; Madlle. Nilsson, 35,000fr.; Madame Volpini, 22,500fr.; and the baritone, Graziani, 20,000fr. Madame Lucca is engaged at the Academy of Music in New York, at 35,000fr. a month.

MR. MORRIS ABRAHAMS, the lessee and manager of the Pavilion theatre, announces his first benefit for Friday and Saturday next. Many favourite actors and actresses have promised to appear. Among them the eminent tragedian, Mr. James Anderson, of the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, who will sustain his great character of Ingomar. We wish Mr. Abrahams a bumper benefit.

ON Monday evening Mr. Phelps made his first appearance in Manchester, at the Prince's theatre, in his great part of Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII.* The play was excellently mounted, and the leading actor was, with one or two slight exceptions, supported well. Mrs. Charles Calvert, whose return to the stage will be hailed with general satisfaction, took the part of Queen Catherine. She played with great dignity and spirit. Mr. J. G. Shore played *Henry VIII.*

THE THEATRES.

THE PRINCESS'S.

The drama of *Haunted Houses* is laid aside for a season to give place to Mr. Fechter, who, for a certain number of nights prior to his return to America, will delight an attentive audience with the impersonation of the character in which he originally took the dramatic world by storm, and achieved a sensational success. Saturday night a crowded house welcomed his first re-appearance in *Hamlet*, and listened in breathless silence to the great actor's thrilling recitals of passages so well known that "they are familiar in four mouths as household words." That is to say, as many of the audience as could do so listened, for we will not pass over the opportunity which here occurs to us to pass our censure on certain noisy fellows, *soi disant* gentlemen, who from time to time took possession of the lobby to carry on a conversation *viva voce* to the annoyance of the whole dress circle. We have frequently of late had occasion to lament the ill-breeding and selfishness of persons in the stalls or boxes who persist in talking aloud and foisting their own silly or snarling remarks upon every one round them in place of speeches from the stage which are thus overpowered. For us to dwell on the genius of a Fechter would be to quote a well known passage of the great dramatist he so well knows how to interpret, "to gild refined gold." Miss Rose Leclercq's impersonation of Ophelia is eminently successful. She sustains a trying character with the utmost delicacy, grace, and pathos. Madame Fanny Huddart, whilst every inch a queen is no less every inch a woman. Mr. Barrett plays Polonius with humour, and Mr. H. Russell sustains the rôle of the King effectively. The ghost of Hamlet's father, Mr. J. C. Cowper, received an ovation of applause, and a summons before the curtain, an honour several other actors participated. The popular comedian, Mr. J. Clarke, came before the audience in a new character as the gravedigger, into which sombre impersonation he contrived to throw his usual humour. The piece is well placed on the boards, and the scenery good. There was no tragedy in the management, at least. All passed off with perfect *célérité*—no scenes refused to "move on" or off, no curtains hitched half-way, and no unreasonably long intervals marked the transitions, or vague pauses informed the uninitiated where the prompter was not—little *contre-temps*, one or more of which too often mark the passage of a first night.

Hamlet was followed by a scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit*, between Sairey Gamp (Mr. John Clarke) and Betsey Prig (Mrs. Addie.) The same programme will be carried out until due notice of the revival of *Haunted Houses*.

THE ROYALTY.

The Royalty, under the new management of Miss Edith Bertram, opens auspiciously. Mr. Arthur O'Neil has given to the dramatic world an excellent comedy, a series of photographs of social phases, full of interest, and *Bohemia and Belgravia* may be pronounced a success. All that can be wished is some attenuation in the third act, where the scene between the brother and sister somewhat drags; and that between the two ladies, which seems still more protracted, in spite of the excellent acting of the manager, should be cut down to two or three short sentences, in which so able an author as Mr. O'Neil could very well prompt Mrs. Coyne to extract a promise from Amy without an appearance of abruptness, though as that promise is never brought into play, it would almost tally better with the sequel were it refused. The story runs thus: An orphan brother and sister of the name of Brabazon, descendants of a Spanish family, are well born, poor, and Maud, the sister, who is the elder, inherits the family pride. But she has also a strong affection for her brother Arthur, for whose advancement she sacrifices herself in a marriage with a mushroom millionaire and M.P., given to vulgarity of speech in general, and a contempt for the letter H in particular. Arthur, however, disappoints his sister by ignoring the advantages of "a place," cultivating a distaste for the artifices of fashionable society, and deciding on the career of an artist. The scene opens in "Bohemia," in the would-be artist's studio. We find him engaged on a picture of Dolly Varden, the model for which is the daughter of his landlady, herself an artist's widow. We very soon discover that Arthur Brabazon and Amy Fenton, the subject of Dolly Varden, are lovers. The Hon. Louis Singleton, of the Red Tape office, makes the discovery, and doubting the motives of his friend, warns both parties in a friendly

spirit. Michael Angelo M. Guilp, a middle-aged artist, a sort of adopted father of the charming and pretty Amy, a character as true to life in the personification of the actor as in the conception of the author, also makes the discovery, asserts his right to protect his adopted daughter, and orders Brabazon to quit the house. Mrs. Fenton, a silly, vulgar woman, has also made the discovery as well, and is anxious to promote a love-match. Meanwhile the sister, Mrs. Brassay Coyne, and her husband call at the studio, and Arthur introduces M'Guilp as the painter of the picture, which Mr. Coyne buys, whilst Mrs. Coyne invites M'Guilp and Amy, as "lions," to her Saturday soirée. The scene now changes to "Belgravia." A good deal of fun is caused—annoyance to the hostess—by the uninvited appearance of Mrs. Fenton to chaperone her daughter, clad in a short costume of magenta silk, flounced with scarlet. On discovering that Arthur is likely to find a wife in Amy, and that an actual living lodging-house keeper has got in amongst her "lions," a terrible scene ensues between brother and sister, on which the drop scene falls. "Arcadia" next dawn upon our view. Arthur is recovering from a nearly fatal illness, throughout which his Bohemian friends have nursed him back to life, and learned on their side to appreciate his noble character, and, in spite of Bohemian prejudices, believe that a gentleman may also be a true and honest fellow. Suddenly Mrs. Coyne appears on the scene, intent to break off the love match even at the eleventh hour. The announcement of Arthur's success as an artist, on reading the critiques on the opening of the academy, the total defeat of the proud and fair Belgravian, and the general consent of everybody to the impending marriage, is, briefly told, the finale of the play. The limit of space forbids us doing full justice to our subject, and we can only recommend our readers to go and see for themselves a piece as well put upon the boards as it is happily conceived. Miss Edith Bertram is a finished actress, whose talent is only equal to her beauty, and she sustains the rôle of the fashionable and proud woman with a well-bred dignity of manner which never permits her, in the most impassioned scenes, to forget that she is impersonating a lady. Miss Tasker exhibits a little of the nervousness of the novice, but she enacts Amy Fenton with a grace and modest timidity, very suitable to her character. Mr. Teesdale sustains the part of Arthur Brabazon with much spirit. The Hon. Louis Singleton, the place-holder in the "Red Tape Office" in the hands of Mr. Peveril, is in every way a gentleman. The Michael Angelo M'Guilp of Mr. A. Wood is a clever and telling piece of acting, and Miss Everard's Mrs. Fenton found great favour with the audience. Mr. G. Yarnold, who so long wore his laurels at the Surrey, re-appearing on the present occasion in new quarters, makes the most of the small part of Frank Turner. There is a good deal of fun in the reading of the criticisms on the academy from the daily papers, which are introduced under the names of The Morning Toast, the Gusher, and the Trimmer. Mr. Henry Forrester interpreted Mr. Brassay Coyne with sufficient gravity and unconscious mispronunciation. In a word, the public as well as the company seemed quite equal to fulfil all that was required of them, as the plaudits were long and loud. When the curtain rose on *Arcadia*, the artist, Mr. Gordon, was unanimously called forth and vociferously applauded. A prettier scene is not often put on the stage, and there was something fresh and unlike what we generally see in theatrical backgrounds in the view from Richmond Hill. The various actors were called forward when the drop-scene fell on the first act, as well as at the finale of the piece, when Mr. O'Neil himself was summoned to sustain the customary ovation that attends a dramatic triumph.

The proprietor of a fashion-book published at Dresden, and which has taken in hand the task of freeing the art of the toilette from French predominance, has just received the following letter from the Prussian Minister in Saxony:—"You have had the kindness to send to Prince de Bismarck three numbers of your estimable journal, which has been created to establish national fashions and to regulate their change according to the German character. His excellency charges me to inform you that he attaches a particular interest to your attempt to deliver dress and manners from the hitherto exclusive interest of foreigners.—Accept, &c., BARON D'EICHMANN.

DR. BRADLEY'S FEMALE PILLS.—To be taken in an Female Complaints, removing all irregularities and obstructions of the Female System. 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box; sent by post for stamps. T. BRADLEY, 33, Bond-street, Brighton. Female mixture, 2s. 9d., per bottle.

AMUSING SCRAPS.

WHY is the *Lady's Own Paper* like an ermine jacket?

BECAUSE it is made for the ladies, and has many tales (tails) in it.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR KNIGHTHOOD.—An advertisement in *Figaro* informs us that, "The pimple remover, Baldwin's tar soap, is a Companion of the Bath!"

A GENTLEMAN sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "Guess I've done the thing slick; I seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

A MINISTER at a coloured wedding in America, wishing to make some humorous remarks, said, "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To this ungallant remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied, "On such occasion as this it is customary to give the minister \$10, but in this case we will omit it."

AN English writer says in his advice to young married women, "that their mother Eve married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener in consequence of the match, lost his situation.

A MAN hearing of another who was a hundred years old said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive he would be a hundred and fifty years old."

A PHILOSOPHER says: "If you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet, and go barefoot."

A LECTURER, addressing a large audience, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that art could not improve nature; until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar, by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

"ZOUNDS, fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic, matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits."—"Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

WHY is a sword that is too brittle like an ill-natured and passionate man?—Because it is *snappish* and *ill-tempered*.

At a wedding, the other day, one of the guests, who often is a little absent-minded, observed gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

THE late Lord Chancellor, in one of his shooting excursions at Wareham, in Dorsetshire, unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged?

"What's that to you?" was the reply. I suppose you are one of Old Bag's keepers."

"No," replied his lordship, "your supposition is a wrong one, my friend, for I am Old Bags himself."

A DENTIST having presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint, "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I've called now to get it squared."

"SMALL thanks to you, sir," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah, sir," said the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

"MR. S——, is your customer B—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever: he never pays."

A DAY or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

"Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath.

"Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

STRANGE, Moore, and Wright, the notorious wags, were, on a certain occasion, dining together, when Moore observed:—

"There's one knave among us, and that's Strange."

"Ah, no," said Wright, "there's one Moore."

"Ah," said Strange, "that's Wright."

THE following maternal notice recently appeared in the *Davenport Gazette*: "If K. H., who left home, in Davenport, on Thursday, February 29, will write to her mother, telling her where she is, she will not be asked to come home, but her trunk will be sent to her."

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HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Fifteen years' trial has proved the efficacy of this Fluid as a certain preparation for Curling Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair; it improves and beautifies the Human Hair, and is natural in its effect, price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., family bottles, 10s. 6d.

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LEE'S PERSIAN BALM
QUICKLY PREVENTS
THE HAIR FROM FALLING OFF,
OR LOSING ITS BEAUTY, AND
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WITHOUT STAINING THE SKIN.

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See Beeton's *All About Everything*, 1871, p. 264.

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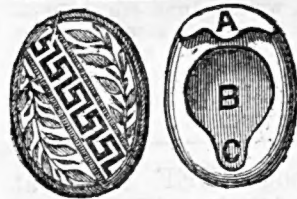
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Magenta	Green	Canary	Purple	Mauve
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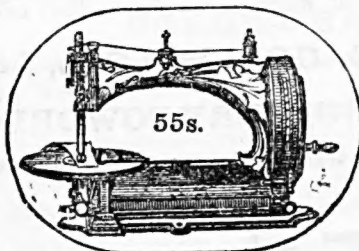
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